THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth" (PSALM 121: 1, 2).

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JULY TWENTY-FOURTH—UTAH'S PIONEER DAY.

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

As a day of general patriotic celebration, the Twenty-fourth of July is second only to the "Glorious Fourth" in the hearts of Utah's people. It was on July 24th, 1847, that the intrepid pioneer, successful colonizer, and, as the Mormons sincerely believe, inspired prophet, Brigham Young, entered Great Salt Lake Valley in charge of the advance company of the migrating hosts of Latter-day Saints. The achievement may be well commemorated in story and song. It was the advent of the conquering army of invasion into the stronghold of the Great American Desert.

February, 1846, had witnessed the beginning of the Mormon exodus from Illinois. The people's eyes and hearts were confidently turned toward the West—aye, even beyond the frontiers, not only of civilization but of the nation, for the region to which they were bound was then a part of the Mexican domain. Remembering the toilsome desert march from Egypt to Canaan, the emigrants assumed the name, "Camp of Israel." The body consisted of two divisions, and each was subdivided into companies of hundreds, fifties, and tens, with captains to direct. An officer with a hundred volunteers went ahead of the main body to select a route and prepare a road. In the spring of 1846 there were more than a thousand wagons of the Mormons rolling westward, and the line of march stretched from the Mississippi to Council Bluffs. There were in the company not half enough draft animals for the arduous journey, and but an insufficient number of able-bodied men to tend the camps. Women had to assist in driving teams and stock, and in other labors of the exodus. Nevertheless, with characteristic cheerfulness the people made the best, and that proved to be a great deal, out of their lot. When the camp halted

in the early evening a town seemed to spring up as if by magic from the prairie soil; concerts and social gatherings were usual features of the evening rests.

An event of great import disturbed the equanimity of the camp. War had broken out between Mexico and the United States. General Taylor's victories in the early stages of the international strife had been all but decisive; but the American Republic was on the march to the western ocean, and the provinces of New Mexico and California were in her path. These comprised, in addition to the territory now designated by those names, Utah, Nevada, portions of Wyoming and Colorado, as also Arizona; while Oregon, then claimed as a British possession, included Washington, Idaho and portions of Montana and Wyoming. It was the plan of the national government to occupy these provinces by quick and decisive action; and a call was made upon the Mormons to contribute to the general force by furnishing a battalion of five hundred men to serve in the war with Mexico. Five hundred men fit to bear arms to be drafted from the Camp of Israel: What would become of the rest? Already women and boys had been pressed into service to do the work of men; the resources of the camp were taxed to the utmost; and back along the line of travel were many graves whose tenants had passed to their last sleep through hardship and exposure.

But, response to the nation's call was prompt and hearty. "You shall have your battalion," said Brigham Young to Captain Allen, the muster officer, "and if there are not young men enough you shall have the old men, and if they are not enough we will enroll the women." Within a week after President Polk's message was received, the Mormon battalion had been massed, comprising in all five hundred and forty-nine souls, and straightway these set out for Fort Leavenworth. The path from the Missouri to the Pacific led them over two thousand miles, much of the distance through deserts, which prior to that time had not been trodden by civilized foot.

Colonel P. St. George Cooke, the federal commander of the Mormon Battalion, has written: "History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry." Many of the Mormon soldiers were disabled by the hardships of the journey, and numerous cases of sickness and death were chronicled. General Kearney and his successor, Governor R. B. Mason, military commandants of California, wrote in high praise of the Mormon Battalion, and in their official report stated that they had made efforts to prolong the soldier's term of service: but most of the men chose to rejoin their families as soon as they could secure their honorable discharge.

But to return to the Camp of Israel: A pioneer company preceded the main body. This party, as originally constituted, comprised a hundred and forty and four men; a case of illness, which appeared at the start, reduced the number by one. Three

of the pioneer band were accompanied by their wives, and with the women were two children, making a total of one hundred and forty-eight souls. Wagons there were, as also some horses, but all too few for the journey; and many of the company walked the full thousand miles across the great plains and forbidding deserts. In the Black Hills the pioneers were delayed a week at the Platte, a stream, which, though usually fordable at this place, was at the time so swollen as to make fording impossible. The food supply had shrunk to meager proportions. In their slow march the company had been passed by a number of well equipped parties bound for the Pacific: but most of these parties were overtaken at the river.

Among the effects of the Mormon company was a leathern boat, which on water served the intended purpose of its maker, and on land was used as a wagon box. This, together with rafts specially constructed, was now put to good purpose in ferrying across the river, not alone themselves and their little property, but the other companies and their loads. For this service they were well paid in camp provisions. Thus the pioneers found themselves relieved from immediate want, with their meal sacks replenished in the midst of the wilderness. Many may call it superstition, but some will regard it as did the thankful travelers—an interposition of Providence and an answer to their prayers, an event to be compared, they said, to the feeding of Israel with manna in the wilderness of old.

After over three months' journeying, the pioneer company reached the valley of the Great Salt Lake; and at first sight Brigham Young declared it to be the stopping place, the gathering center for the Saints. But what was there inviting in this desert spread out like a scorched scroll, devoid of welcoming message and bare but for the picture it presented of wondrous scenic grandeur? From the Wasatch barrier the colonists gazed upon a scene of entrancing though forbidding beauty. An arid plain, rimmed by mountains like a literal basin, still held the salty dregs of what once had been an inland sea. No green meadow, no tree worthy the name, hardly a patch of greensward appeared to entice the adventurous travelers from the mountain heights into the burning lowlands. The valley floor was covered with sage-brush, relieved by patches of chapparal oak and squaw-bush; and the wild sunflower lent its golden hue to intensify the sharp contrasts. Off to the westward lay the lake, making an impressive picture in its severe beauty. From its blue wastes somber peaks rose as precipitous islands: and about the shores of this dead sea were saline playas that told of the scorching heat and thirsty atmosphere of the arid region. A turbid river ran from south to north athwart the valley, "dividing it in twain," as a historian of the day has written, "as if the bowl in the intense heat of the Master Potter's fires, in process of formation, had cracked asunder."

Creeks that started in rippling haste from the snowcaps of the Wasatch were devoured by the thirsty sands of the valley before their lakeward journey was half completed.

Such was the scene of desolation that greeted the pioneer band. A more uninviting spot they had not passed in all their journey. Could this be the promised land? This was the very place of which Bridger had spoken when he pledged a thousand dollars in gold for the first bushel of grain that could be raised in the valley. With such a Canaan spread out before them, was it not wholly pardonable if some did sigh with longing for the leeks and the fleshpots of the Egypt they had left, or wished to pass on and seek a fairer home? Two of the three women who belonged to the party were utterly disappointed. "Weak, worn and weary as I am," said one of these heroines, "I would rather we pushed on another thousand miles than stay here."

But the voice of the leader was heard. "The very place," said Brigham Young; and in his prophetic mind there rose a vision of what was to come. He saw towns and cities, hamlets and villages, filling this and neighboring valleys, with the fairest of all, a city whose beauty of situation, whose wealth of resource should become known throughout the world, rising from the most arid site of the shimmering desert, hard by the barren salt shores of the watery waste. There in the very heart of the wilderness should stand the House of the Lord, with other temples beyond the horizon of his gaze.

Within a few hours after the arrival of the vanguard upon the banks of what is now known as City Creek—the mountain stream which to-day furnishes Salt Lake City part of her water supply—plows were put to work; but the hard-baked soil, never before disturbed by the efforts of man to till, refused to yield to the share. A dam was thrown across the stream, and the softening liquid was spread upon the flat that had been chosen for the first field. The planting season had already well nigh passed, and not a day was to be lost. Potatoes and seeds were put in, and the soil was again flooded.

Such was the beginning of the irrigation system, which soon became coextensive with the area occupied by the Mormon settlers, a system which, under the blessing of Providence, has proved to be the veritable magic touch by which the desert has been made a field of richness and a garden of beauty; a system which now, after many decades of successful trial, is held up by the nations' wise and great ones, to be the only practicable method of bringing into useful service our vast extent of arid lands.

On the 24th of July, 1847, the main part of the pioneer band entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and that day of the year is observed as a legal holiday, and a day of gladness and thankful rejoicing in Utah. From that time to the present the stream of emigration to these valleys has never ceased.

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCES.

THERE is an old saying that, "Experience is a great teacher." So it is. I have learned a great deal since I was "called up" to join the army. When I was in civil life, I lived to the best of my ability as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. But prior to my enlistment, I received little or no persecution, ridicule, etc. This made me think that my faith was unshakeable, and that I was so strong that whatever came in my way I could face; but as soon as I was detailed off to the regiment I was to join, I found out how weak I was, when the following conversation took place between myself and the clerks in the orderly room.

Clerk:—"What religion are you?"

I answered:—"A Latter-day Saint."

The clerk looked at me; then at the other clerks, in astonishment, and said, "What is a Latter-day Saint? I've never heard of them before."

Another clerk said, "Oh! he is a Mormon." Then I was told I could not be a "Mormon," or a saint, in the army, but I could be a Roman Catholic, or Wesleyan, or join the Church of England. So I decided to be a Wesleyan, while in the army.

During this conversation, I felt exceedingly weak in the faith. I felt so small, and yet so big when they mentioned the word "Mormon." That word alone rose so large before my eyes that I could not see anything else but "Mormonism." But this was not all, for soon the news spread round among the corporals and men of my company that I was a "Mormon." This incident occurred on my first Sunday in camp.

In the afternoon I had a good conversation with the corporal who, at first, tried to ridicule my idea of "Mormonism," but after I had explained the first principles of the gospel and our belief in general, he seemed to alter his opinion concerning the Church, for he defended me against two other men, who were trying to make me look small. I felt then that I had done some good. I am sorry to say that fate parted us, so I could not keep up my conversation with him. Now, when I hear a man swear, who is talking to me, I will say, "Can't you talk without swearing? You never hear me swear, do you?"

On one occasion I was told off to help another man, and while thus employed I heard him humming a church hymn. I asked him if he was a churchman? He replied, yes. I said I was glad to hear it, and that I too was trying to be a Christian. We got along well until next day, when something upset him, and he began to swear. I mildly rebuked him. He colored up and said he ought to be ashamed of himself, and begged my pardon, and said he was sorry he forgot himself. I told him he ought to try to overcome such weaknesses. I preached the gospel to him, and we are now close

friends; in fact, he has invited me to his home any time I would like to go. Several experiences like this have occurred to me.

Let me relate another incident. One evening we were ordered to fall in for church parade, to hear the Lord Bishop of the diocese speak. After the service, our captain marched us to the yard of the principal hotel and called out those who were teetotalers. Three stood out, including myself. For doing this, we received a great amount of ridicule, as if it were a crime to be a total abstainer; but I did not mind what they said about me. Then the captain paid for one pint of beer to each man. That was very kind and generous, but I could not help reflecting on the fact that we were marched straight from church to the hotel. Sometimes I am asked to play cards, gamble, etc., but I always answer, No! with firmness, kindness, and patience. I thank the Lord for giving me strength and courage to say No, when temptation arises. I do not always get the chance to preach the Gospel, but I try to set an example to my associates, and I can see that I am getting respected, for several men seek my company, because I am sociable with them.

Once I heard the question asked, Can a soldier be a Christian? My answer is, Yes, if he will exercise faith and pray to our heavenly Father for guidance and strength to resist evil and overcome weaknesses. If a brother thinks he cannot live as he would like to while in the army, let him remember that God is merciful, and that He knows the environments we are placed in. We all must be tried, and now, perhaps, is your time of trial.

I know that the Lord has blessed me with knowledge. He has opened my eyes and quickened my understanding by the experiences I have had. He has given me a broader view concerning the attributes of men. I have come in contact with men of different dispositions. I have taken notice of them, and by so doing I have gained knowledge and wisdom.

Sometimes we get despondent, discouraged, and discontented with our lot in life. We become lonely; sometimes homesick, longing for the associations of our loved ones. When we get into this state of mind, we need the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit. During this time of war and bloodshed and unrest, we need someone to look to for guidance and protection. Now is the time to trust in the Lord.

Leeds. PTE. J. E. SIMISTER.

"LET a man remember that there are others that are in darkness and that have not advanced so far in knowledge, wisdom, and intelligence, and let him impart that knowledge, intelligence, and power unto his friends and brethren, inasmuch as he is farther advanced than they are, and by so doing he will soon discover that his mind will expand, and that light and knowledge which he had gained would increase and multiply more rapidly."—LORENZO SNOW.

MEDITATIONS IN A PARK.

A MAN was one day taking a stroll through a park. The sun was shining, and no threatening clouds could be seen. Round about were grass-covered knolls and flower-bedecked hollows, the results of nature's landscape-gardening. The leaf-curtained chambers of the trees were filled with the music of birds. Wherever he looked, the man was impressed with the tranquillity of the scene. None of the bustle associated with the mart of trade was noticeable; the smoke of the factory had not entered the sylvan retreat; sounds betokening military preparation were absent. Truly, the place seemed to give an intimation of the glorified state of the earth when peace shall abound from the north pole even to the south.

While musing on the happy future of the world, the pedestrian turned from the winding foot-path, and entered, unexpectedly, a building in which wild animals were kept. It was the beasts' feeding-hour. The keeper of the cages pushed a meat bone into a compartment occupied by several savage-looking creatures. Immediately there was a pandemonium of snarling, biting, growling, and scratching, as each fought for sole possession of the morsel of food. The ravenous brutes were exhibiting all the worst traits possessed by the animal world. Selfishness, ferocity, and cruelty were shown in every posture and movement.

The experience in the animal-house dissipated for a time the peaceful feelings which had been reposing in the mind of the visitor. He passed out, beyond the sight and sound of the struggling beasts, and contemplated the present state of the world. Was not mankind, thought he, much like the denizens of those cages? Some men engage in unseemly contests for a strip of land, a political office, or victory in a game. They thrust others aside, trample down the weak, pounce upon the backs of the strong. They make human society seem like a den where there are snapping teeth and threatening eyes.

The meditative saunterer looked again at the daisies and buttercups, heard the notes of the skyward-mounting lark, gazed upon the azure dome above, and felt anew the calm, hallowed influence of peace. Some day, he said, those howling wolves and roaring lions would be no more, but birds would still make melody, flowers would bloom in splendor, and the sky would be radiant again. So, too, would pass away the vindictive struggles of nations, the fends in communities, the heartless contests between man and man. The era of peace and plenty, of universal happiness and love, would surely come to earth, for thus God had declared and His prophets had predicted.

Liverpool. J. E. C.

GENIUS and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1917.

EDITORIAL.

TO CENSOR THE BIBLE.

It appears from press reports that the Anglican church is about to eliminate the Fifty-eighth Psalm from the Psalter. The Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury is said to have taken this decision some time ago, and now the Lower House has agreed to the proposition.

It may be very convenient to eliminate from the Scriptures passages that appear to be objectionable. We have heard of a savage king who exercised this kind of censorship and pronounced the Bible a good book, after he had cut out all he did not like. And this is what many so-called Christians do, in practice. They simply ignore all the teachings of the Scriptures which they do not approve of, because they are contrary to their business interests or their inclinations. But to cut out an entire Psalm, or any other entire portion of the Scriptures is not usually done by an ecclesiastical government. The action said to have been taken by the Canterbury Convocation is, as far as we know, unique in the history of Protestantism.

The reason assigned for the censorship is that the Psalm is supposed to teach an un-Christian doctrine of retaliation. The verses to which objection is taken are these:

"The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked. So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth" (Psalm 58: 10-11).

Canon Aitken is quoted as having said that many of the passages concerned were most un-Christlike in character. If anyone had steeped his hands in infant blood, it was our duty to cry: "Father, forgive him." To use such expressions as, "May I dip my feet in the blood of my enemies," and, "May his children be fatherless and his wife a widow," was an insult to the divine Majesty.

Is this true?

The Psalm objected to was probably composed by David at a time when Saul had brought some accusation against him before the Elders of Israel, and obtained an unjust decision against him. David first refers to the iniquity of his judges, when he asks, "Do ye indeed speak righteousness, O congregation? Do ye judge uprightly, O ye sons of men?" He refers to the same subject when he compares their lying words to the poison of a serpent, and their

unsympathetic attitude to that of a deaf adder (58:1-5). But then he turns to God and prays that they may be disabled by the Lord Himself, and made harmless, as a snake that has lost its fangs, or a young lion without teeth (6). He, finally, predicts the ruin of the wicked and the triumph of the righteous (7-11). Is there anything un-Christian in this?

There are other Psalms containing similar expressions, and it is to be feared that they all must be eliminated from the Scriptures, if that is to be the fate of the Fifty-eighth Psalm.

Let it be remembered that all these Psalms are prayers that God will make an end to wickedness by rendering the adversaries of righteousness harmless. The authors of them cried to God, in the agony of their hearts, for vengeance upon evil-doers.

That is in full accord with the gospel of the Son of God. To revenge ourselves is un-Christian, but not to appeal to God for an adjudication of our cause. Paul says that vengeance belongs to God and that He will repay (Rom. 12: 19). John, the beloved disciple, saw the souls of the martyrs under the altar and heard them crying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. 6: 10). And in our own day God has commanded His children to bring their testimony against unrepentant enemies before the Lord, and unless they repent, He says, "I, the Lord, will avenge thee of an enemy an hundred fold" (Doc. and Cov. 98: 39-48).

There is, then, nothing wrong in asking the Lord to cause wickedness and unrighteousness to cease. David was very far from harboring an inclination to take the matter of vengeance into his own hands, although he prayed that divine justice might be meted out. He had Saul's life in his hands, when he cut off a piece of the royal robe, but he spared him—his most bitter enemy. When he was at the height of his power, he asked, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness?" And when he found a grandson of that persecutor, he had him come to the palace where he was taken care of as one of David's own sons. (II. Sam. 9: 1, 2, 11). Such was the character of David. The fact is, that if we appeal to God in prayer and leave our cause in His hands at all times, we are doing perfectly right. And that is what the Fifty-eighth Psalm teaches us to do.

To mutilate the Scriptures, in the manner proposed, is a dangerous performance. Where will it end? If one church is permitted to cut out one portion, why should not other churches be justified in treating other portions similarly? What kind of a Bible would remain after the application to it of the blue pencil, or the scissors, of each self-constituted censor?

Protestants insist that the Bible is the final authority on all matters pertaining to the faith and practice of Christians. They place the Scriptures above the church, above the church councils, and all other human authority. But if any prelate, or congrega-

tion of prelates, may eliminate from it whatever happens to strike them as objectionable. the Bible itself must be given up as Divine authority. What is there, then, left for Protestants to do but to return to Rome, or to wander about in the wilderness of atheism? For there can be no Protestantism without a Bible of which it may be said truthfully that it contains the word of God.

So-called Higher Critics have tried to make the world believe that they have given us a superior Bible by narrowing down the divine element in it to an almost unperceptible minimum, but that is mere pretense.

We are not surprised at any effort to censor the Scriptures. For if we accept their teachings and carry them out in practice, we become "Mormons," and many prominent men in our day know that to be a fact. They are as afraid of the Bible as they are of the "Mormons," and would like to have both eliminated from the affairs of the world. That is the secret of the many efforts to minimize the influence of the Bible. The adversary who inspires the attacks upon the Scriptures does so, because he is at war with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the kingdom of God.

J. M. S.

WORLD-WIDE SUFFERING.

LAST week the *Star* puplished an account of the magnificent work done in Utah for the American Red Cross relief fund—a work of brotherly love in which the Church has taken its full share.

Relief work is sadly needed in the war-stricken regions of the world, more so than most of us realize. But the officials of the Red Cross, who receive reports from the countries devastated and ravaged by the war, know what is needed, and they have decided to ask the people of the United States for a free-will offering of at least £20,000,000, to begin with, for relief work. But even this seems inadequate for the wounds inflicted.

France, it is reported, has half a million cases of tuberculosis. Fifteen hundred towns and villages have been destroyed. Thousands are homeless and must be cared for. There are hundreds of thousands of orphans.

In Poland the conditions are beyond description. The children are dying at the rate of thousands a day. The country is swarming with homeless people, wandering about, seeking food and shelter, but finding neither. Thousands more are in refugee camps. Mr. Wolcott, who was sent abroad by the Rockefeller Foundation, tells of the terrible sights he witnessed. He says:

"Coming back to the cities where the destruction was not so awful, we saw little people and grown people, mothers and children, sitting on the side-walks, leaning against buildings, sometimes

covered with snow or rain-soaked, too weak to lift their hands to take the money or the bread that we might offer them. All the wealthy people of Poland were giving everything they owned to save the nation."

Russia, too. is asking for assistance. Behind the lines in Russia are millions of starving refugees from Poland, Lithuania, and Western Russia. They are wandering about without food, clothing or shelter, huddled in barns, cellars, and outhouses, and dying from disease and hunger. Russia needs nurses, and great quantities of medicine and supplies. She needs physicians in great numbers.

Of Serbia Mr. Wolcott says: "What is true in Poland is true in Serbia and in Rumania. In Serbia approximately three-quarters of a million people have died miserably. He said they had typhus in every city he visited in Poland."

The care of these nations, as well as the nursing of the soldiers at the front, has been taken over by the Red Cross, of which Mr. William H. Taft is president, and Mr. Henry P. Davison, chairman.

WHY I AM A LATTER-DAY SAINT.

NINE years ago I first heard of the name "Mormons," and I enquired who and what they were. The reply was that they were a very "wicked and dangerous people." That was enough for me. I hoped that I should never come in contact with them. But it seemed as if I had to keep thinking of them, for the Press was very busy at the time, warning the public, especially "females," against them. So I became very interested in the "Mormons," but I felt that I could have gladly punished all of them for their supposed evil living.

A little while after this my work brought me into contact with a girl, a few years older than I, and also her brother. Imagine my surprise when I was told that they were "Mormons." For I had noticed that they were both very good young people. I spent a great deal of time taking notice of all they said and did, and I came to the conclusion that it was a great pity that two such nice young folks should be "Mormons," for, I argued, although they were not bad now, they must eventually become bad through contact with so wicked a people. After a time we became quite good friends, though we never conversed on the subject of "Mormonism." I must say there was a younger girl, also a "Mormon." I was not quite so reserved on the subject with her, though. I was very cruel, for I told the other girls who worked round about us all about these people. This girl bravely defended her "faith," but I must admit I did not give her much chance, for the girls were more inclined to believe the press, and we all were simple enough to think that the papers must speak the truth.

She often shed tears. Once she asked me if I would read some tracts, if she brought them. Of course, I refused.

At this time I was a regular member of a Methodist chapel, as I had been for fourteen years, and prided myself on my Scriptural knowledge. I thought I did not need any further information. Although my friend knew how I was annoying the younger girl, she always remained the same. Eventually we became companions, but I never had the courage to broach the subject of religion to her, though I was so anxious to show her how wrong she was. How ridiculous I feel now, when I think of that time.

One Sunday, staying home from Sunday school, I decided to go and meet my friend as she left the meeting room. I inquired for her, and was invited to go up to her, but I indignantly refused. She then came down and asked me to wait a few minutes, but as she went up the stairs I followed after her, merely out of curiosity. I felt quite scornful when I saw the tiny room, and the few people there, forgetting the Lord had said that where a few are gathered together in His name, there He will be also.

The meeting was then over, so I decided to attend the evening service. I informed my mother that I was going, and, as I expected, she was angry. I was there in good time, with the intention of proving them wrong, or at least my friend, when the meeting ended. I was inclined to criticize for a time, but the singing impressed me very much, though the hymns were so different in composition to those I had been accustomed to. The theme of the sermon was, "Is baptism essential?" a question I had never studied before. Then the speaker talked on "pre-existence," which interested me more. Then, "O My Father," was sung, which moved me very much, though I could not quite tell why; only that I wished to know more about it. From this time I studied and, compared the Bible with their beliefs, and came to the conclusion that if the gospel of Christ was in the world at all, it was with the Latter-day Saints. After six weeks I applied for baptism, which I now know is essential to salvation.

Much comment was caused among my friends, some of whom quit me altogether; others begged me to study well before it was too late. But I had a testimony that "Mormonism" was true. I felt a satisfaction I had never experienced before. It was good to think of my heavenly Father as something more tangible than a mighty atom. As a being with body, parts, and passions, He was more acceptable to me. That we were made in the image of God, was confirmed in the Scriptures.

For four years I was happy in the work of helping to spread the gospel. Then my health began to fail. I was constantly administered to and recovered. The doctors warned me against marrying. But my sweetheart, who also had joined the Church after twelve months of investigation (he had been a Roman Catholic), was at

this time home from France after being wounded. He decided that we should be married before he returned. We were married, feeling that God, our eternal Father, would be with us if we put our trust in Him. My husband was sent to Plymouth, where I joined him soon after. I stayed for a few months at my sister's home. We were very happy, and looking forward to the time when I should become a mother. I fell ill, and the doctor who attended me said I must be sent back home, when able to travel, for I could not pass through this period in safety.

After arriving home, I was attended by the doctor, who was very doubtful about my recovery. Three months before baby was born, I became seriously ill. My husband was sent for, as I was not expected to live. The elders administered to me every day. Another doctor was called in, and he said I could not live above seven weeks. But I was raised up even then. The doctor was surprised, but more so, when my baby was born, and lived, for both doctors had declared that my baby could not live. He is now twelve months old, a lovely boy and quite healthy. I was very ill, after, and the doctor again said I could not recover. But I felt more than ever that God had a work for me to do, and that I should get well. For if He had wanted me, He would have taken me before baby came. Five weeks after this I was up and feeling stronger than I had felt for two years. The doctor said I was a miracle. My friends and relatives were also amazed. But the saints and elders know I can testify that it is within a person's reach to prove that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and that the same miracles can be performed to-day as when Jesus administered to those who had faith that He could make them whole.

How glad I am that I came in contact with the "Mormons," and investigated their beliefs, and there found the Gospel, just as Christ had taught it! The gospel, which had always seemed so narrow to me, is wonderfully broad. It has taught me that I was not here through any accident, but for a wise and glorious purpose. And so with everyone, but it is our duty to carry out that purpose, for God gave us our own free-agency, to do and think for ourselves, for we all must work out our own salvation. The gospel of Christ, as taught by the Latter-day Saints, is the key to that salvation. There is but "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," and if earnest seekers after truth doubt this, let them investigate "Mormonism." without fear or prejudice.

Burnley. LOUIE WILKINSON.

"THE contemplation of night should lead to elevating, rather than depressing, ideas. Who can fix his mind on transitory and earthly things, in presence of those glittering myriads of worlds; and who can dread death or solitude in the midst of this brilliant animated universe?"—RICHTER.

DISTRICT MEETINGS.

On Sunday, July 15th, 1917, district meetings were held at Leeds (Leeds conference). There were in attendance, President George F. Richards of the European Mission, President Wilford F. Burton, of the Manchester conference, Conference President Eben J. Robinson, and Elders Nathan Groome, Jr., Joseph S. Nelson, Jas. H. Ludlow, and Amos T. Tucker. Two interesting sessions were held, conducted by President Eben J. Robinson.

In the afternoon session President Robinson extended a welcome to all present. Remarks were made by Elder James H. Ludlow. A solo was ably rendered by Sister Florence Bennett. President Richards then spoke on the principle of faith and works, emphasizing the fact that all mankind should be rich in good works. He said that Latter-day Saints should add works to their faith. They should pay their tithing, keep the Word of Wisdom, obey the principle of fasting, and be a forgiving and charitable people.

At the evening session appropriate remarks were made by President Eben J. Robinson. A duet was rendered by Sisters Maude and Lily Sutcliffe. President Wilford F. Burton of the Manchester conference spoke, citing prophecies in the Old and New Testament which had been fulfilled by the coming forth of this latter-day work. A solo was rendered by Sister Ethel Walker. President Richards then addressed the meeting, explaining the interpretation of King Nebuchadnezzar's dream by the Prophet Daniel, and showed its fulfilment in the present dispensation.

The spirit of the Lord prevailed at both sessions. Many saints, friends, and investigators were present.

JAMES H. LUDLOW, Clerk of Conference.

On Saturday and Sunday, July 21st and 22nd, 1917, district meetings were held in the Handsworth Chapel, Birmingham (Birmingham conference). President George F. Richards, President James Laird, and Elders Leland Hair, Jesse W. Lloyd, Chauncey H. Crittenden, and Arthur D. Evans, of the Birmingham conference, and Henry C. Phipps and Ivin Hoggan, of the Bristol conference, were in attendance.

A Priesthood meeting was held on Saturday, together with a baptismal service, when one convert was added to the fold. Elder Leland Hair officiated in the baptism, and Elder Arthur D. Evans in the confirmation.

On Sunday three sessions were held. At the morning session an excellent program was rendered, as follows: Song, Handsworth Branch Sunday School children; Phillis Smart recited the Testimony of the Three Witnesses; Dora Green recited the Testimony of the Eight Witnesses; Nora and Winifred Makin rendered a duet, entitled, "Speak to me kindly"; Eva Brittle recited the testimony

of those witnessess who died out of the Church; Bernard Green recited the sixty-fifth Section of the Doctrine and Covenants; Molly Dobell recited the forty-sixth Psalm; song by the Handsworth Sunday School children; Edith Griffin gave a few interesting remarks on sincerity; Eva Mellwood recited one of the Prophet Joseph's teachings. Sisters Amy G. Taylor, Annie Hadley, Jennie Crouch, and Emily Bowen, sang the hymn, "God bless our Mountain Home." Remarks were made by Elder Henry C. Phipps. President George F. Richards presented some interesting and encouraging thoughts, directed especially to the parents and teachers of the children.

In the afternoon session Elder Arthur D. Evans spoke on the doctrine of salvation for the dead. Elder Chauncey H. Crittenden called attention to the example the Latter-day Saints are giving to the world. A duet was ably rendered by Sisters Jennie Crouch and Amy G. Taylor. Little Katie Smart recited the story of John the Baptist. Elder Ivin Hoggan related some missionary experiences. President Richards spoke of the great responsibility which rests upon the Latter-day Saints to obtain the genealogy of their kindred dead, and to have a vicarious work done for them in the temple of God.

At the evening service Elder Jesse W. Lloyd gave some very impressive remarks concerning the Godhead. The principle of divine authority was treated by Elder Leland Hair. President Richards spoke at length upon our pre-existent state, and the divine and ancient origin of the gospel. God has only instituted one plan for man's salvation, and that has existed since before the world was.

A solo was beautifully rendered by Brother Charles C. Edwards.

President James Laird conducted all the meetings. There were one hundred and twenty-three members and friends present. A beautiful spirit prevailed throughout all the meetings.

During the services Sister Henry Dyke's baby was blessed by President George F. Richards, and Elizabeth Lamb's baby was blessed by Elder Jesse W. Lloyd.

ARTHUR D. EVANS, Clerk of Conference.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR.

July 1.—The Russians resume the offensive on the south-western front under General Brussiloff.

July 2.—General Brussiloff announces the occupation of Zolochev and Koninchy, near Lemberg, and the capture of 8,564 officers and men.

July 7.—Air raid on London. Twenty-two machines drop bombs. Killed, 37; injured, 141; four raiders reported brought down.

July 8.—The Russians capture 7,131 prisoners, 48 guns, many machine-guns, and some villages, west of Stanislau.

July 9.—Bombs dropped from naval fliers on Constantinople.

July 11.—The Germans attack the British front near Nieuport, on the Belgian coast, penetrating the line on a front of 1,400 yards, to a depth of 600 yards. They report the capture of 1,250 prisoners. The Russians capture Halicz and bring in 2,000 prisoners and 30 cannon.

July 12.—The Russians occupy Kalusz.

July 14.—Bethmann-Hollweg, the German chancellor, resigns. Dr. Michaelis succeeds him.

July 16.—The Russians announce the capture of over 40,000 men and a number of guns since July 1, last.

July 17.—The Russians retreat from Kalusz, and recross the Lomnica River at this point.

July 20.—General Brussiloff reports that one Russian regiment left the trenches voluntarily, with the result that other units were compelled to retire also. The new German chancellor, Dr. Michaelis, says the war must go on until Germany can obtain favorable peace conditions.

July 21.—Mr. Lloyd George, the British Premier, replies to Dr. Michaelis. He said the damage done by submarines was much smaller now than in April, and that the food supply for 1917-18 was already assured.

July 24.—The Germans occupy Tarnopol. A number of Russian units refuse to carry out military commands.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms.—A baptismal service was held in the vestry of the Latter-day Saints' Chapel, corner of Booth Street and Sycamore Road, Handsworth, Birmingham (Birmingham conference), on Sunday, July 15th, 1917, when three souls were added to the Church. Elders Joseph Clark and William Pitt (local) officiated, and President James Laird and Local Elder William L. Gittins assisted in the confirmation.

On Sunday, July 22nd, 1917, a baptismal service was held at "Deseret," 152 High Road, South Tottenham, London N., 15 (London conference), at which one soul was added to the fold. Elder William A. Linford officiated, and President James G. McKay confirmed the new member the same day. This brother is serving in the Canadian army.

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